



Bones
journal for the short verse

no. 23
April 2022

the belly I now have landscapes

sun-fresh juniper
photosynthesizing
me up

a cluster of edible emotions

at the roundabout
take the third right
sundogs

Kelly Sauvage/Agnes Eva Savich

sunrise infections not seen before sunset

raining ropes a nightingale's climb

syrinx after syrinx sunrise

1972

My mother wants a fur coat for the pharaoh. Trouble is, they aren't in the catalogue. We drive to London. Wearing something woollen she waits in the queue.

bullet proof glass
under the gold mask
brittle black skin

a soul's breath in tangled lines

never seen the deep a threadbare moon ripped in half

stolen souls fill up my breast pebbles crying pity in my head

pried off with spit my tousled hair loosens in chill night-air

barnacled clouds tossed out in the telling my ball game of brains denied

rouge winds flapping on open lips storm my darkened ears

my sighs breathed in willow winds a rattle of bone shards the solstice muted

would I shrink winged and fade in the sun's umbrella a keening cicada

but rain lisp that muffles rage and melts lumps in the tongue also draws out long-manacled truths

widow's secret
flower dust pirouetting
in the broken swing

sea stains deeper each parting step
therefore I believe
I can see

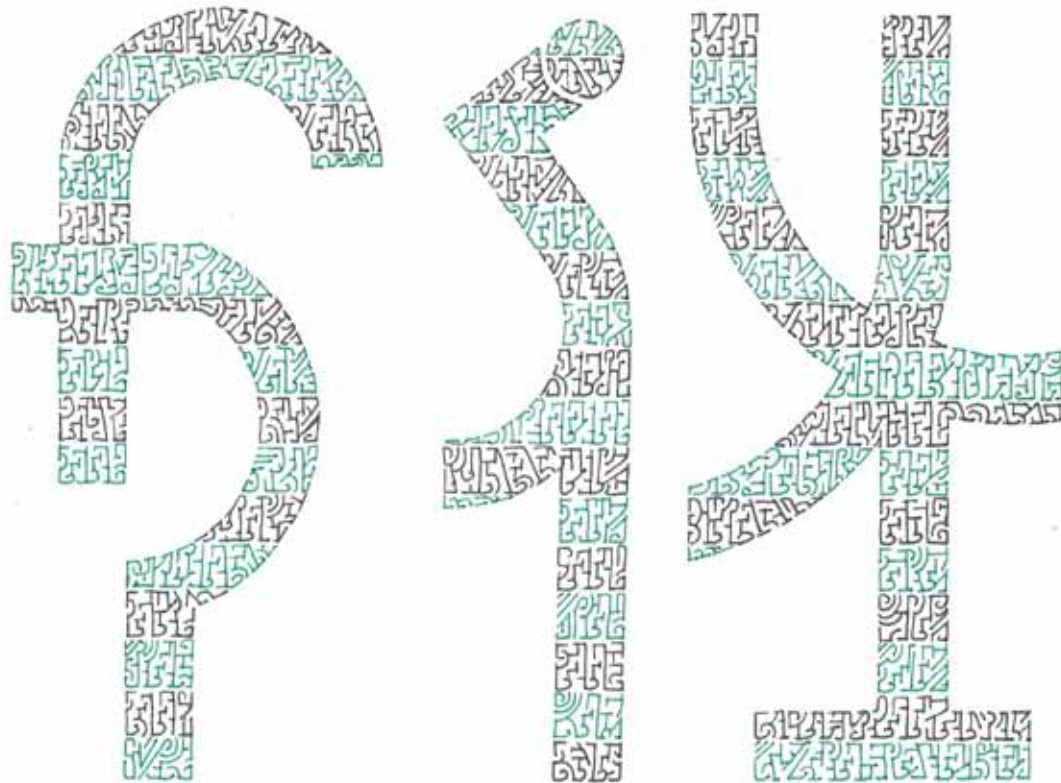
learning to unlearn nose piercing

slipping stones
the tongues of the water are all eels

the monumental perplexities of flowers & dragons

where salmon spawn the end of our story

what will I tell them
these daffodils
when they bloom



my thanking the automatic doors habit

didn't know you were there silent g

put through an axis the asters

before cornet blowing a whistle on the rag truck

rock to dust to wet clay to dry clay fired to rock

once upon daughters in duet laughter

uneasy geese at one end of the lake then the other orion's sword

broke down in a ghost town the middle of everywhere

third shrink this year can't get much smaller

Thirteen cicadas died on the night of the red moon



Julie Schwerin - Organelle

atmospheric river mother as inclement weather

Sabbath entering the makeshift shelter of words

the proximal end of I told you so

winter redwoods freely speaking in tongues

one blue hour barely used

Our bodies stave off darkness

Fireworks in this harbor seem like a destination but
your inner voice doesn't make it beyond the broken
windowpane.

raindrops sheening the parentheses of night



Julie Schwerin - By Comparison

emitting a cloud of smoke
the things I add to this world

coffee and words without sound
the life I live while she's asleep

in its fullness
as if there were such a thing
moontan

secret offer
unseen in the way
the escaped transient has chosen
side roads to absent ruins
extravagant flower in fresh dust
equally old

your own bone fragments the memory

from lead water lines to my grandchildren drinking gourd prayers

the invasive white teasel photo blank inside

their mounds moved for the sister's grave markers of white

grey-rocking until he takes her for granite

waiting for yellow leaves in my fingers

cirrus clouds –
a worker admires the valley
and goes away

dead dogs still bring sticks to throw at the sea of loss

how it ended

the room of the hush
the hand of the reach
the word of the sound
the heart of the cry
the eye of the blink
the door of the slam
the clock of the tick
the tock of the tick
the phone of the ring
the word of the sound
the shoe of the fit
the day of the end



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Revelation

who longs to fly
into the waxy intestines
of obsolete phones

distilled from the red stain he shook from bright spider silk

what wild bird hides in the autumn valley of your thumbprint

at the end of a silent illness the breeze from a broken pencil

like lightning I can't remember anything else about him

if I'm lucky one day these teeth will shatter Venus

the best kind of avalanche. Who needs this red thread?

spore of a wild sponge in my stomach unending Wednesdays

I sing my love without any sun
but sudden snow in berry time

which we write on rice to fill as many mouths with rhyme



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Aurum plateaus

the tear
of paper–
autumn

spring
i and i
in leaf
in dirt

blue sky
on wind
blue sea

moonlight changing the river forever changing

his silent approach to a prayer vending machine

not giving away
the anatomy –
night parrot

Three Bridge Ekphrases

Turner

black hole swallows suns spat out across to now

Monet

mists brush criss- crossed stone fired up in blue

Van Gogh

threshold of the wood raised up a held gamp's dark

no small round river stoned

namely left for the place to be

what is ultimately
a tree stump
on a postal stamp

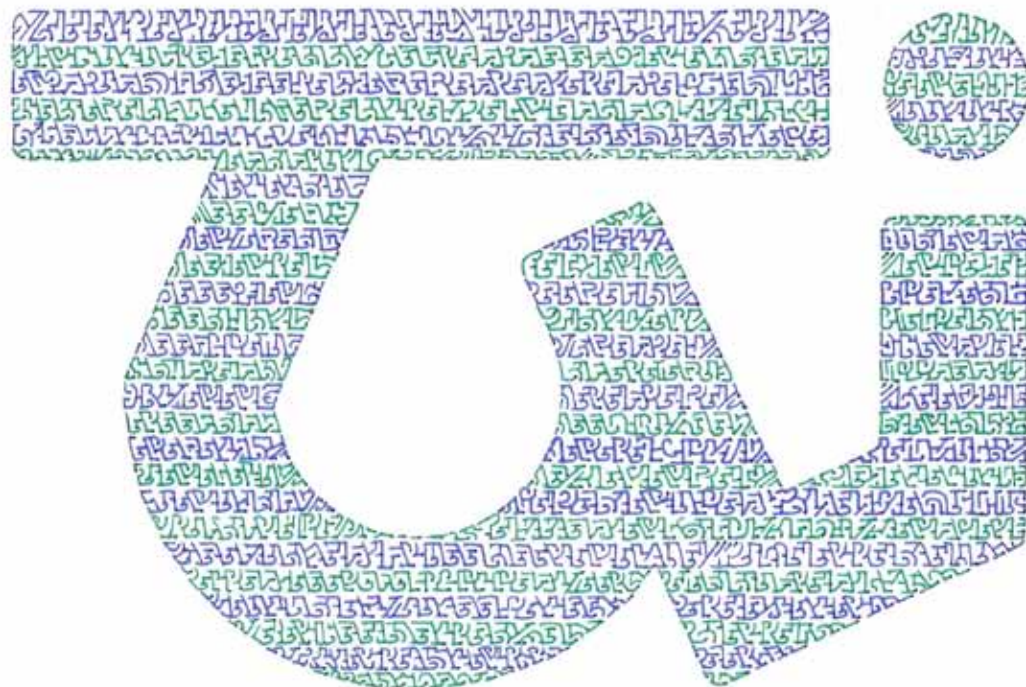
a spine by the time the first songs of birds spring to mind

the dark sides with the moonshine of winter

that no one will remember going out to squat in the blossom wind

no shortage of loved ones in a field of poppies taking the piss

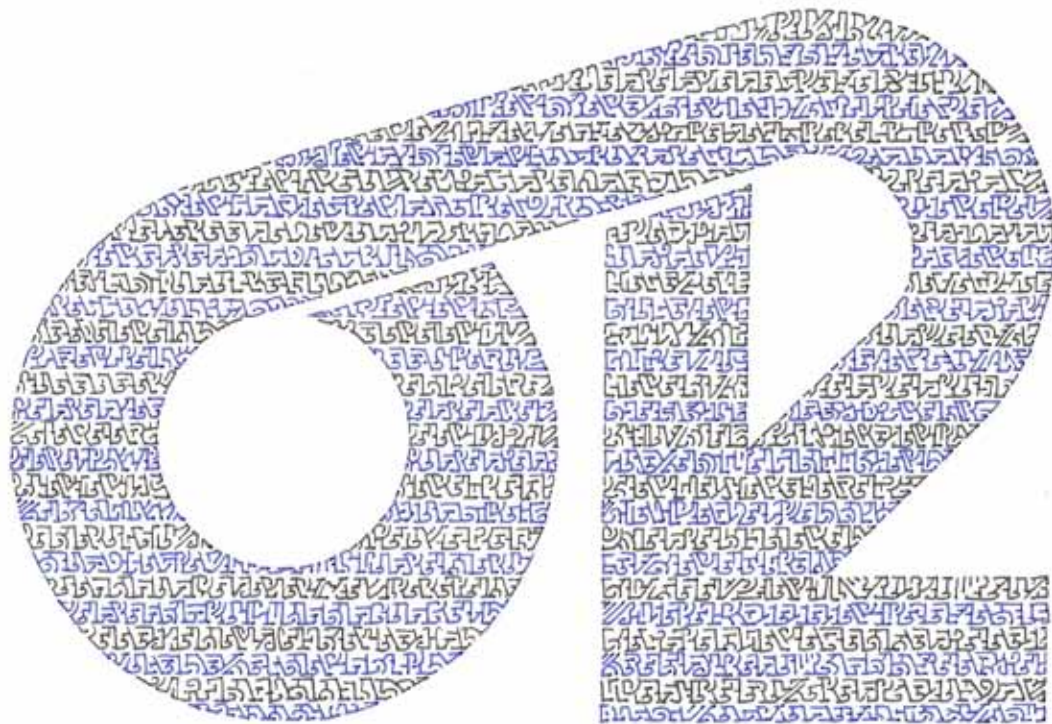
man the usual hyperbole



the body's air on the string G

at the dollar tree—
Only toy soldiers
In the zen section

my singing bowl collects dust—
a graveyard for
exiled cells & failed rebirths



Dave Read - Asemic Letter 012

festooning royalty
the bleeding end
of the ocean

watching sunset sweat in my eyes

Gary Hittmeyer

in time's cupboard cans of different weather

what's left of the storm in the closed notebook

nailing shut the well to myself run dry

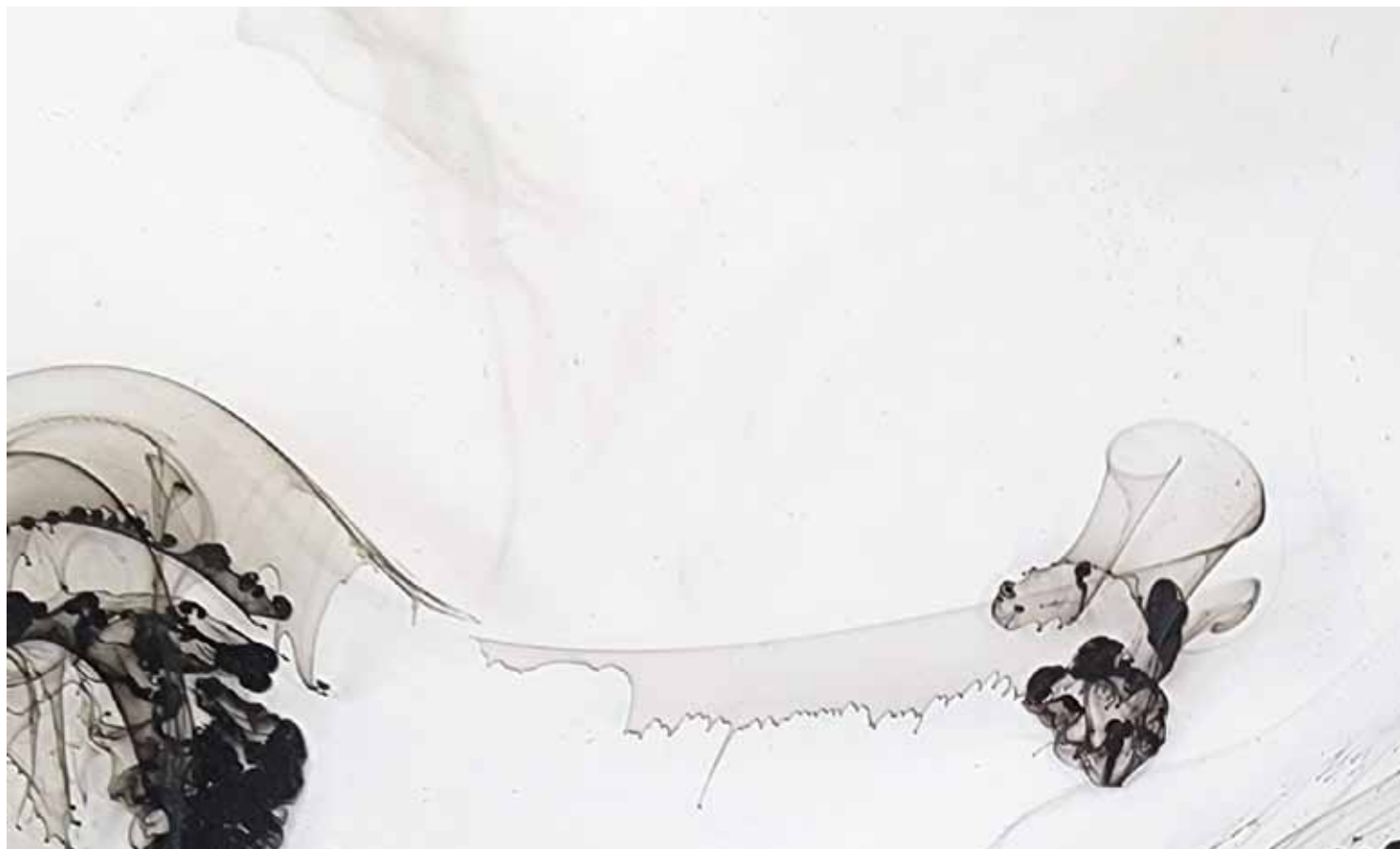
deep in the auditory emporium
silence plays with its toes

George Swede

in a dream
from another phylum
i uncoil hissing

nothing cheap as a spring breeze

twilight as a dead letter of the law



Julie Schwerin - Papyri

on a
white stone

immersed

your name

in the life of

before
baptism

the triune God

praying hands

a tree trunk

between them
I hide

hollowed of meaning

in nothingness

*yields to things
ageless*

bereft
for now

*my soul
(my deer)*

still shall I
ever know

*deep calls
to deep*

ever be-
longing

*in the
cascade's roar*

same old valley

*it's all
about me*

a transfiguring
moon

*thy kingdom
that is not*

silences me

of this world

through
the eyes

in the end

of a mayfly

*a period
executes*

the mosaic
of life

*its death
sentence.*

the silence

*sometimes
joy*

a holy hush
resonating

*will spill
from my eyes*

through
the fury

*and wet
my beard*

yes

a comma

and yet,

nuzzles into

a yes

the stream

mirroring

*a blow
by blow*

it's self a leaf

analysis
in freefall

of the west wind

a pyre crafted

myth-making erupts

of old poems
en-kindling

*from the rag
and bone shop*

a storm shelter

*of the hardened
heart*

a blacksmith

tender shoots

hammers out
the hard edges

*of long buried
psalms*

of kindness

en-chant me



Julie Schwerin - Evening Whisk

cheating ministers hug it out

the voice of the drone
returned home
to find no one

a vibration
returns to its source
and a door is shut

there's something haunting
about drones the aerals
of squares green and brown

the drone makes its way
to every enclosure
a son and mother

If I have to die
I don't want to wait
In lines

Before I die I want to be a Greek myth

Before I die I want to know where I've been

Before I die I want to build a bridge

Before I die I want to live

Monoku Sequence

metal hangers clang the dead tree in a thicket

the pleasure of absence black screen silent phone

the rattle of glass playing cards

the unrequited company of ghosts in a train whistle

scars from lighting copper-colored seed pods

the little owl names maple

in shell's hollow the sea and the salt of the sea

Prayer for the New Year

We bring guns to the dying patient's bedside
forgive us forgive us our trespass

from the Book of Seven Heavens

Kerouac yelled at me to cool it
His mother brought out lemonade
and meringues –
Florida is hot!

They walk the littoral at dawn –
clouds scud their way

ongoing commentary from the parrot snow

waiting for a table the bored expression on a lobster



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Guilded dancers

what was once a possum was once a persimmon

what happens when you turn into birdsong constellations when your mouth becomes starlings

DELPHI

Zeus' birds meet

and the navel's at
the core of
the work

the core
of shoveling

the sky's middle
from snow

BLUEBERRIES
after McCloskey

is a cloud any aware
while moving
of its being tinted
by its shadow

in highbush blue

the
sea
worn

step
up
from

the
sea

the
sea

worn
step
down

a
dying

leaf
yellow

clings
to

100,000 miles stuck in reverse puberty

the one who has
no one
sees

fewer degrees of separation tagged in his tragedy

sax solo
a two-finger
diastasis

the wound she made into a web

nowhere
i am just a tendency
to exist

bacon grease on the trapdoor

pillow talk
the sudden call
of his nature

under the same sky a different poverty line

much beyond life I bring home the river

the same morning sky everywhere stretched

coins crowd
in the water fountain
prayers sink



Robert Erlandson - Tulip

what is said is not
the A-B-seize
of war

responsible
the rain
that floods us

LeRoy Gorman

sky tune i hum this self this hinge

lined road trees brim birds song skims skin

dawn egg grass wet spin green gone self

pitting the figurative against the literal old hat

the green feet of caterpillars before bedtime

praying to a preying god moths around the lamp

the resistance of the evening sky opaque

apprehension

witching hour
letting the call
die out

one more empty bottle broken promise

Back to the sea

Explore & apply
aspects of the elements
of dance. Any & all
off-the-wall action
toward concreteness;
toward matter. Extreme
simplicity. State-of-the-
art. Not using white.

Sweet Caroline

The
path
was

damp
from a
dusting

of Neil
Diamond
songs.

At the western extremity

The passage from
apothecary to surrogate
deathbed mother
has, by any metric, its
fair share of setbacks.

Corporate greed

adheres to the
principle that
pigmentation genes
& ancestry are
there to be ex-
ploited, & the
pursuit of money
is a spiritual task.

Redolent

He filled the bowl with
stone fruit, then went out-
side. Later, on Rodeo Drive,

her car wouldn't start. It
wasn't unexpected. For
months she'd slept with the

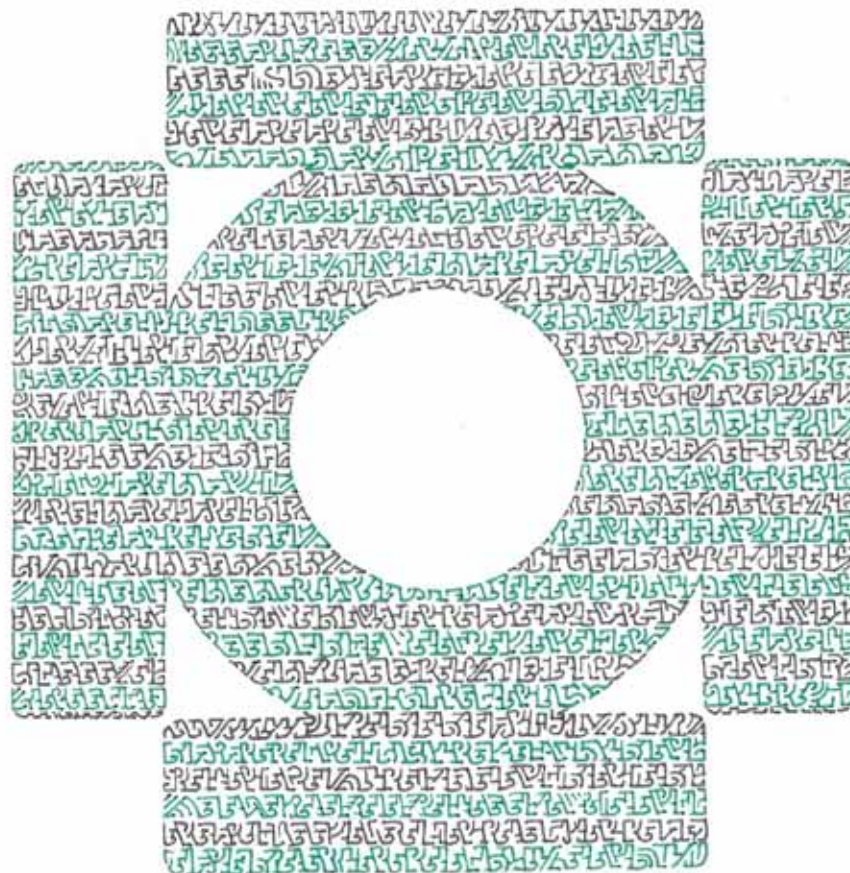
tow truck number under
her pillow, nestled in a bed
of lilac & lavender sprigs.

This event has now closed

Music floated up from the
multi-storey car park. There

was a smell of corpses. They

appeared grandiose, but had
an excessive need for praise.



by the mud-hole:
this fanciful dream
of the nun's left leg

after the wolves are gone after thought

set
to stun
rise

if you have a moment
all my pens are in the junk drawer

my life and times new roman

see how the fog fits those pines just right

in answer to mountains within mountains

poisoning wolves then wells once again

city layers of skin until we bleed

night fog narrowing the now into it



Julie Schwerin - Flagellum

listening in June
to the stories of the others starving
then walking till I found silence

Michael Battisto

the metal near our spines
will never be removed
we cannot follow the children

we will learn not to confuse
desire with need
lying beside the burned wall

your letters marked for absence
may finally arrive
in this room the length of a shriek

you knew when you loved me
I would at last leave my hands
on this evening table

Michael Battisto

I draw your thinning body
in black chalk beside
the clean lines of the pine tree

conspiracy theorists making judgements about the moon's ass

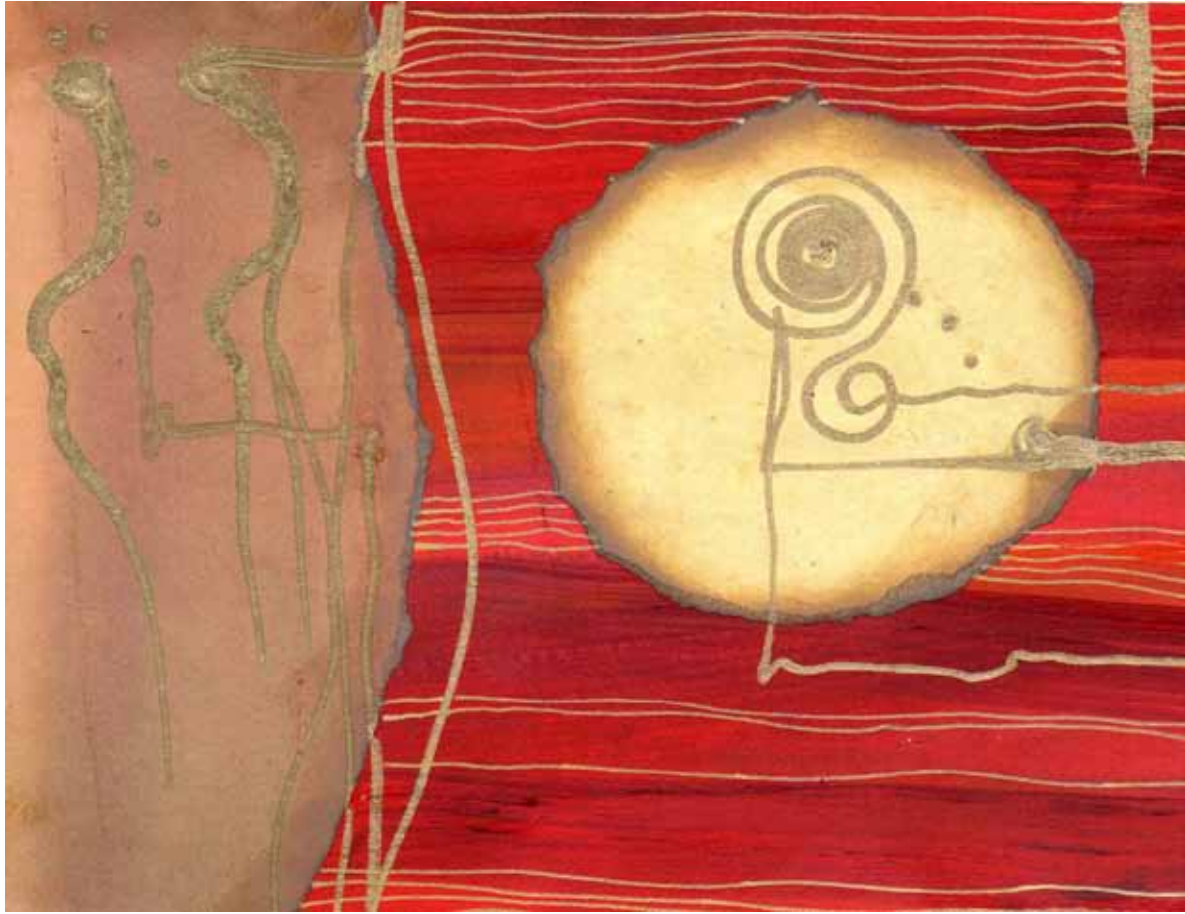
ecstasy of oxygen no oxygen why heaven is up there

first name basis a parts per million safety level

hidden fully when the monstrous enter paradise

killing Jesus at home in the flesh

wind riffling your dreamcoat's fuzzy logic



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Music of the spheres

medicine rolls downhill repeats the savage moon

september stars in straight lines of hindsight

our Thomas

as if
every moment
a giant squid

winter waves against the unsure line

our Thomas

dawn's first star unfolding the map

ever the grammarian she pauses for a coma

except for the grackles always fitting in

in blindness the messianic sun arrives
to covet the innumerable names that light occupies

I pretend
my body is growing
funeral flowers



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Threaded moons

Whether death finishes life out
in riverbed depressions the light
played by pebbles in all directions

Head rubble from ledges shadowing ground thinking the unseen actual events

Clearing the field the fog hangs still do ideas answer to the real

Shadows the midday settles from the crooked world as best we're able

Limestone shades white bell-shaped waterleaf flowering this longing for cessation

Cacophonous crows through a hacksaw's sound the difficulty of our inner development

Crows feathering pine resin scent the ensouled invention in wooded leaves of moleskin



How to grow sunflowers

Begin with a poem. Pick out ten suns, ten moons, ten stars, ten birds and call for rain. Sharpen lightning and find a rhyme scheme for yellow. Gather thunder and soak it in a bronze vase. Watch a movie with a stranger or fall in love with the sister of your wife. Toss a handful of earth on your eyes. With a pencil make two holes about an inch deep and drop one or two sunflower seeds into each. Wait until the seeds germinate... then let your mouth, teeth and tongue search for something humans call a kiss.

where one by one you leashed up the big cats and ate them like cotton candy

skinheads kicking snow white noise

dead star
a black hole left
by heroin

sound of crows
on the roof
of my mouth

grass roots
hold me
in the afterlife

Rich Schilling

out of a punctuation sunburst

after everything the water surgery

tree's vengeance only i am clad in a story

even when time's knees bend to a closure the postponement

the colour as it falls

inside the niche of his job his corpse

from behind the reared head of the white stallion marches the black ant

queen down to a pawn in the middle of a dream the moon castles long

long arm of the clock captures the last second en passant pins silence

The coyotes howl: drunken prospector ghosts. They drink moonshine
with isinglass in the mash, and wait for memories of their fathers to
float up.

a wasp drinks
a shiver into a
weathered pit

Scale the slick rock till mangled femurs in juniper shrouds line
the cliffs. Dip to rivers of core-stones eroded at joint fractures.
This place can't leave & isn't alone.

towhees dance
on smoking
brush pile

a rube goldberg machine this self



Julie Schwerin - Predilection

young in the night grass

Tim Murphy

her cheekbones taking a deity's name in vain

the sortie
drips down
orion's sword

my path
through the snow
covered with snow

Rorschach test the fetus darkens

in a drying sperm the green dreams

empty womb
to and fro
a stretch mark

the radical absence that never was

to the extent her body presents

a face assaulted with recognition

Editor:

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Copyright © Bones, 2022. All works herein are the property of the authors and artists.

No work may be republished or used in any way without the explicit permission of the authors.

Website:

www.bonesjournal.com

where the specifics for submission of work is stated

Published in Denmark March 2022.

